



*with regard to
B. Hubbard
Dec. 1881.*

THE
NAMING OF LAKE ST. CLAIR.

ITS
SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT
GROSSE POINTE, MICHIGAN,

AUGUST 12, 1879.



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In Exch.
Misc. Et. Hist. soc.
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THE NAMING OF LAKE ST. CLAIR.

The second centennial anniversary celebration of the naming of Lake St. Clair took place at Grosse Pointe, Michigan, on August 12, 1879. The first page of the printed circular programme of the centennial exercises contained a cut of the Griffin and the following announcement:

FRANCE, 1679.

UNITED STATES, 1879.



THE GRIFFIN.

AUGUST 12, 1879.

SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE ORIGINAL NAMING OF LAKE ST. CLAIR,

WHICH TOOK PLACE ON THE

Twelfth day of August, 1879, on board of the Schooner "Griffin," of Grosse Pointe,
by Robert Caveller Sieur de la Salle.

REGATTA WITH ACQUATIC SPORTS.

Yachts will start from the pier at Grosse Pointe promptly at 2 P. M., to be followed by other "Ancient Mariners" in their "Bumboats."

THE EXERCISES ON SHORE WILL BEGIN AT 4 P. M., AT THE
GROVE KINDLY GRANTED BY ALFRED BRUSH, ESQ.

The list of exercises was as follows:

Music.

Prayer.

Address, by Bela Hubbard, Esq.

Song, "Men of Ye Olden Time," written for the occasion by D. Bethune Duffield, Esq., to be sung by the "Sisters, Cousins and Aunts."

Poetical Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, Hon. J. V. Campbell.

Music by the Band.

Brief and Extempore Addresses from Volunteers.

Music and Fl. e. works.

Chorus by the Grosse Pointers.

The following report of the doings is taken from the Detroit Post and Tribune:

August 12, 1879, was the two-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake St. Clair by Robert Cavelier, le Sieur de la Salle, commander of the Griffin, the first sailing vessel that ascended the Detroit river. The second centennial of any notable event is a rare thing in this new country, and as so much of historic interest centers round the discovery of this lake, associated with the discovery of the place where Detroit itself now stands, the residents of Grosse Point resolved to celebrate the occasion. Accordingly a suitable programme was arranged, and that it was successful and appropriate, as well as creditable to its promoters, may be seen by the following report of the proceedings. The two fast-sailing and elegant private steam yachts, the Lillie and the Truant, the most commodious and well furnished yachts on all the lakes, were brought into requisition to carry a large number of Detroiters to the Point. The Scotia brought a delegation from Grosse Isle, and a large number came in carriages. To those who made the trip in the yachts, the difference between the surroundings of the voyage 200 years ago and those of yesterday could not but force itself upon the mind, and was the subject of universal remark. But the primeval forest, the stillness of the waters, unruffled by the agents of commerce which now so thickly cover the river, can be better imagined than described.

The trip to the Point was rapidly and pleasantly made.

WHO WERE THERE.

Among the large number of residents of Detroit and vicinity who were present were the following: Judge James V. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Campbell, Dr. Morse Stewart, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, A. H. Dey and Mrs. Dey, Alfred Russell, Mrs. Russell and Miss Russell, J. C. D. Williams, Colonel Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip J. D. VanDyke, Judge Douglass, Dr. Isaac S. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bethune Duffield, George Duffield, Bethune Duffield, Thomas Lewis, George Peck, Cleveland Hunt, B. Wight and Mrs. Wight, W. K. Muir, Mrs. Muir and the Misses Muir, Professor Alvah Bradish, Hon. J. D. Weir, Mrs. Weir, L. P. Campau, L. C. Watson and Mrs. Watson, Dr. Russell, Paulo Guoin, W. B. Moran and family, Joseph H. Berry,

by ALFRED BRUSH, Esq.

by D. Bethune Duffield,
and Aunts."

J. V. Campbell.

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family, Joseph H. Berry,

R. H. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson, Mr. Alfred E. Brush and Mrs. Brush, Mr. James McMillan and family, Hugh McMillan, John S. Newberry and family, Charles R. Lothrop, Mr. and Mrs. G. V. N. Lothrop, George H. Lothrop, Henry B. Lothrop, George Hendrie, Miss St. Aubin, Miss Moross, Miss Beaubien, Colonel Sylvester Larned and Mrs. Larned, Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, W. S. Biddle and the Misses Biddle.

THE YACHT REGATTA.

The first part of the exercises of the day was the third annual regatta of the Grosse Point yacht club. The life of so large a number of young people during nearly half the year on the breezy shores of one of the most beautiful of the northwestern lakes has developed among the younger portion of the summer residents of the Point a great fondness for boating. The entries on this occasion were numerous, and the result was looked forward to with great interest.

The judges were James McMillan, Hugh McMillan and W. K. Muir. The prizes were, in the first class, a purse of \$25 in gold; second, a purse of \$10 in gold; in the second class, first prize, a silver pitcher; second, a silver cruet stand. These were all presented by Detroit gentlemen. There were two classes of entries, the difference between the first and second class being based on size only.

There were five entries in the first class, viz: The Allie, George Lothrop; Wayward, William McMillan; Shiela, William McGraw; Volante, A. R. Newberry; Adelaide, Captain Allen. The entries in the second class, were the Annie, Charles Lothrop; Grace, Jimmie McMillan; Rowena, Alfred Brush; Gipsie, Truman Newberry.

The course was, for the first-class boats, two miles to windward and return, three times round, or twelve miles. For second-class boats one mile to windward and return, four times round, or eight miles. The wind was fresh and a heavy sea was running. The race was advertised for 2 o'clock, but owing to some unavoidable delay the last gun was not fired till 2:39. Of the first-class boats the Adelaide, sloop-rigged, was the first to cross the line, at 2:40, closely followed by the Wayward, a "cat-rigged" yacht. These two boats were the only ones of this class really in the race. The Shiela got a bad start, owing to an unfortunate capsize in the morning, which hindered preparations. She crossed the line at 2:51. The Allie was anchored far to the leeward, and at the firing of the last gun was not ready. She was disqualified, not starting till 2:58.

In the second class all four boats started, the Gipsie being first, at 2:41½, the Grace second, at 2:42, the Rowena third, at 2:42½, and the Annie fourth, at 2:44½. The contest, the first time around the stake, in this class, was between the Gipsie and the Rowena.

The Gipsie was sloop-rigged, and the Rowena fore-and-aft, a style of rigging having some advantages for quick turning. The Gipsie rounded the outer stake first, and coming down the two boats were within an oar's length of each other most of the way. The Rowena sailed "wing and wing," and on the first turn round the starting stake had the inside, rounding the boat very closely, followed by the Gipsie. On the second trip out the Rowena showed her powers for sailing close to the wind, and rounded the outer stake and completed her second turn far in the lead, the Gipsie second, Annie third, Grace fourth.

By this time the large boats were well on their first home trip, the Wayward completing her first round in 51½ minutes. The Adelaide followed with an

immense spread of extra canvas 1:03 from her start. The Shiela, which was so far behind as to be out of the race, nearly filled and lowered her sails at the outer stake. The Allie came in third in 1:16½. These relative positions of the boats were not changed for some time. The Annie lost her rudder and withdrew from the race on the second turn. This boat was also unfortunate in shipping heavy seas, sixteen pails of water being bailed out at one time. Her mainsail halyards also broke, and clearly the fates were badly against her. The Rowena, during the entire race, took advantage of every chance, and her sailors, Wetmore Hunt and Robert Gray, showed that they thoroughly understood her. She started on her last round first, the Gipsie closely following. The Wayward now led the Adelaide by at least half a mile. As the boats started on their last round the wind, which had died down, again freshened, and the race was thus made more interesting. The Rowena, which had twice unshipped her rudder, seemed to lose her grip on the last tack to windward, as her rudder again unshipped and the Gipsie went by like a rocket, gaining twenty lengths in five minutes. The Rowena continued almost stationary in the water, and it was evident that unless something was done the race was lost to her. But at last she righted again. The Gipsie went too far to starboard, and lost much of the time gained by the accident to her opponent, the superior skill of whose crew enabled them to tack close to the stake boat. The Gipsie rounded the stake boat a length or two in advance, and "wing-and-wing" down they came on the home stretch. The crowds on the Lillie and the Truant, which followed them, cheered lustily. On came the Gipsie, ahead by three lengths, and under the influence of an unusually strong puff of wind gained every minute. But the time lost by the Rowena on the start was yet to be counted in. Not twenty rods from the finish the Rowena shipped a heavy sea, but on she came, and the boats rounded and crossed the line at 5:12½, abreast.

The following is the official record of the time made:

FIRST CLASS—TWELVE MILES.

Name.	Time of start.	Time of finish.	Time of race.
Allie.....	2:58½	6:02	3.03½
Wayward.....	2:41	5:17½	2.36½
Shiela.....	2:51	drawn
Adelaide.....	2:40	5:40	3.00

Wayward first, Adelaide second, Shiela withdrawn, Allie disqualified.

SECOND CLASS—EIGHT MILES.

Name.	Time of start.	Time of finish.	Time of race.
Annie.....	2:44½	disa.
Gipsie.....	2:41½	5:12½	2.30½
Rowena.....	2:42½	5:12½	2.29½
Grace.....	2:42	5:24	2.42

Rowena first, Gipsie second, Grace third.

An allowance of forty-eight seconds was made in favor of the Rowena on account of differences in measurement, and three minutes fifty-two seconds was allowed the Wayward.

The prizes were accordingly distributed: in the first class, first prize, the \$25 gold purse, to Wm. McMillan, of the Wayward; second prize, \$10 gold purse, to Mr. Brush, of the Adelaide; in the second class, first prize, silver

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2:41	5:17½	2.36½
2:51	drawn	-----
2:40	5:40	3.00

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pitcher, to Wetmore Hunt, of the Rowena; second, silver cruet stand, to Truman Newberry, of the Gipsie. Master Newberry was also made happy by receiving a special prize which had been guaranteed him by his father in case his boat won either first or second prize.

THE CELEBRATION ITSELF.

At the conclusion of the race the assemblage transferred itself from the boats and dock to the pleasant grounds of Mr. Alfred E. Brush. There rise gradually from the road that circles the beach. There music of an excellent character and appropriate to the occasion was discoursed by Spiel's orchestra. When the people had seated themselves on the broad balcony, the graceful and easy rustic seats, or the soft grass, Mr. G. V. N. Lothrop addressed himself to them as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The people of Grosse Point, dwelling on the shores of Lake St. Clair, greet you with a welcome to-day as free and as hospitable as the breezes that sweep over us, or the beautiful waters that spread out before us and by which we stand. It is my office only to give you the preface words of that welcome. Our young tars, who, I have no doubt, are the direct descendents of the crew of the Griffin, have done so much to-day that those words must be brief. But before we go further, and listen to those wise and instructive lips who will tell us of the events that have made these shores historical, it becomes us on this occasion as on all others, to invoke the divine blessing. Father DeBrouex will offer prayer.

Father DeBrouex then said in French, that as La Salle, the discoverer of the waters before them was a religious man and accustomed to address the Throne of Grace, it was eminently fitting that they, the residents and occupiers of these shores, should follow his illustrious example. He then offered the prayer of the Roman Catholic church for St. Claire's day.

Mr. Lothrop then introduced Bela Hubbard, Esq., who gave

THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

as follows:

It is good for us to look back into the past. The custom of celebrating the anniversaries of events that have had important influence upon a nation's history, or the welfare of mankind, is justly honored in the observance. That which we are met to commemorate has remained unhonored for 200 years. Yet two centuries ago to-day occurred an event which has mightily influenced the destinies of our race and proved an epoch in the history of this continent! It was the launching at Niagara and the arrival at this Point of a little vessel—not so large as many of our pleasure yachts—but the precursor of a long line of craft, of every size and character, which, passing through these waters, has swollen into a commerce that has become the wonder of the world.

I have undertaken to relate the story of this achievement and of the naming of Lake Ste. Claire, in the default of those whose superior local knowledge and research would have entertained us with "Outlines" of far greater interest and value. I propose to engraft upon the story of the Griffin some memories of the extraordinary man with whom the conception originated.

Of all whose names are associated with enterprise and discovery in New France, the Sieur de la Salle is the most illustrious. The history of his various undertakings is drawn mainly from the writings of Hennepin, Joliet, and Membre, and the details have been collected into a fascinating volume by

Parkman. I trust that a brief recital will not be uninteresting. He was of an honorable family, a burger of Rouen, where he was born in 1643, and named Robert Cavelier, better known as the *Sieur de la Salle*, from the name of his estate near Rouen. He was educated among the Jesuits, but, preferring science to theology, and being of a daring spirit and eager for adventure, he sailed for Canada—that paradise of adventure—being then twenty-three years of age.

According to an unpublished memoir, we first find him, in 1669, making his way with a Seneca guide to the Ohio, which he descended as far as the rapids at Louisville. Here, abandoned by his men, he retraced his steps alone. The following year, according to the same authority, embarking in a canoe on Lake Erie, he reached the straits of Detroit, coasted Lakes Huron and Michigan, and descended the Mississippi to the 35th degree of latitude. Assured that the Father of Rivers discharged not into the gulf of California, as had until then been supposed, but into that of Mexico, he returned to provide means for more extended exploration. Unfortunately, La Salle's journals, and a map which he is known to have made, and which existed in 1756, are lost. If the accounts be correct, these would have given to the world the first knowledge of the Ohio, if not of the Mississippi.

It is certainly known that the latter stream was explored in 1673 by Father Jacques Marquette, accompanied by Louis Joliet, an adventurous merchant, and the subsequent associate of La Salle. These did not, however, go far enough to solve the problem of its terminus.

That these straits were visited by the white man at a much earlier period is matter of history. The usual route of the French from the lower settlements to their missions and trading posts on the upper lakes was by the Ottawa, being the most direct route. Champlain himself had in 1611 and 1612 ascended that river as far as Lake Huron. There he visited the country of the Sacs, near Saginaw bay, returning by way of the straits and Lake Erie, as is shown by his book published at Paris in 1632. Accompanying La Salle's first expedition (1669) were two priests of the order of Sulpitians—Dollier and Galinee—who, on arriving at Niagara, were diverted from their purpose, and resolved to carry their spiritual succor to the Pottawatomies of the upper lakes. After various misadventures, resulting in the loss of a great part of their baggage, including the altar service—a mishap they attributed to the malice of the devil—they reached the Detroit in the spring of 1670. Here they relate: "At the end of six leagues we found a very remarkable place, in great veneration among all the savages of these regions, because of an idol of stone which nature has formed there, to which they say they owe the good fortune of their navigation on Lake Erie, and which they propitiate with presents of skins, provisions, etc." The stone was hideously painted, and bore a rude resemblance to humanity. They were convinced that this was the devil, to whom they owed their shipwreck. The relation proceeds; "I leave you to think whether we avenged on this idol (which the Iroquois had greatly recommended us to honor) the loss of our chapel. We also attributed to it the scarcity of provisions we had been in up to this time. In fine, there was not a person whose hatred it had not incurred." The priest tells us that he consecrated one of his axes to break this stone god; then "having lashed two canoes together, we carried the fragments to the middle of the river, so that no one should hear of it again." "God," he says, "immediately rewarded us for this good action, for we killed the same day a buck and a bear."

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This place being, as the narrative tells us, "full of the lodges of those who had come to render their homage to this stone," it seems incredible that such a deed could be done in the very presence of its savage worshipers, if it were indeed a manito. Whether the savages were restrained by the audacity of the act, or the huge proportions of one of the reverend friars, or whether they attached less importance to the "idol" than these zealous iconoclasts supposed, does not appear. Sacred stones were not uncommon in these parts. I have seen several such altars, sometimes in the most wild and lonely situations, invariably covered with bits of tobacco and other petty gifts, which cost little sacrifice. Several years had passed since these adventures, but La Salle had lost neither energy nor purpose. Means only were lacking. But he had rich relatives, and he was aided, so far as authority could go, by the most energetic and astute governor that had yet administered the affairs of Canada. Together they planned a post on Lake Ontario, far beyond the settlements of the St. Lawrence, which might overawe the Iroquois and turn to France the stream of wealth that was inuring to the Dutch and English from the fur trade. Twice La Salle visited France, where his influence at court obtained for him permission to pursue his plans at his own expense for five years. He received from the king a patent of nobility and a grant in seignior of Fort Frontenac, as the new post was called.

But the ardent nature of the man was not content with the prospect of fortune now secured. To him it was only a base for operations of vaster extent and bolder enterprise. The object which he had in view was most comprehensive. If the project of a passage to China across the continent proved delusive he would anticipate the Spaniards and the English in their occupation of the great west. He would colonize it with Frenchmen, develop its resources, make friends of the Indian tribes, and, by controlling the mouth of the Mississippi, secure an outlet for a vast trade in the future. As necessary to his scheme he proposed to build a vessel for the navigation of the lakes, above the Niagara, where only canoes had been seen before, sufficiently large to carry the material needed for so vast an enterprise. In the corps organized for this expedition were two noted men afterwards famous in Canadian annals. Henry De Tonty, his lieutenant, was a young Italian officer who had lost a hand in the Sicilian wars, and whom political troubles had driven to the new world. For the lost member he had substituted one of iron, which gained him the sobriquet of the "iron hand." It was symbolic of his indomitable character. The other adventurous spirit was the bold, audacious, and hardy friar, Pere Louis Hennepin, who had more taste for wild and romantic travel than for the spiritual part of his mission. He became the historian of the expedition, but is too little trustworthy and is inclined to magnify his own exploits at the expense of others of greater merit.

The place where was built the first vessel that sailed the upper lakes is the mouth of a small stream, the Cayuga, about six miles above the cataract, on the west side of Niagara river. Hennepin says "most of the Iroquois were gone to wage war on the other side of Lake Erie," so, though exposed to occasional alarms, the party were in little danger. Two Mohegan hunters prepared lodges and supplied game. The vessel was finished early in the spring of 1679. She was, according to Hennepin's first account, of about forty-five tons burden. He afterwards reports it as sixty tons, which is much more probable, considering the number of men and munitions she carried. Accompanying Hennepin's volume is an engraving representing her in an

unfinished state. The drawing made by Judge Campbell and printed on the programme of to-day's exercises, gives a clear idea of its character. It was a two-masted schooner, but of a fashion peculiar to that day, having double decks, and a high poop projected over the stern, where was the main cabin, and over this rose another and smaller cabin, doubtless for the use of the commander. The stern was thus carried up, broad and straight, to considerable height. Bulwarks protected the quarter deck. She bore on her prow a huge figure, skillfully carved, in imitation of an heraldic monster—the arms of Count Frontenac—"and above it an eagle." This, in the representation, adorns the top of the stern. La S. bore no good will to the Jesuits, who hated him, and he often boasted that he would make the Griffin fly above the ravens, meaning that he would triumph over the black-coats. The ship "carried five small cannon, three of which were brass, and three harquebusses, and the rest of the ship had the same ornaments as men-of-war used to have." "It might have been called," adds the historiographer, "a moving fortress." In fine, it "was well equipped with sails, masts, and all other things necessary for navigation," besides arms, provisions, and merchandise.

The previous autumn La Salle had sent fifteen men up the lakes to trade for furs, and open his way to the Illinois. He also despatched Tonty to the mouth of the strait to intercept these should they be returning. There with much difficulty the vessel was urged up the two and one-half leagues that remained between the building site and the lake. On the 7th of August the thirty-four voyageurs embarked, spread their canvas to a favoring breeze, and having sung *Te Deum*, set forth on their voyage. The ship proved a good sailer. On the 11th they entered "a strait thirty leagues long and one broad," called in the language of the French, the Detroit, where they were joined by Tonty, and the next day reached the beautiful expanse which spreads before us.

Tradition says that on reaching the lake they were wind-bound for several days, and this is rendered probable by the fact that they did not reach Lake Huron until the 23d. Here, too, let us stop, and inquire whence was derived the name which the lake bears. On Champlain's map (1632) no name appears. Sanson's map, published officially 1656, calls it "the lake of salt waters;" Huron being designated at that period as "le mer douce," or the fresh water sea. Galinee, the hero of the stone idol, who passed here nine years before, says "we saw no mark of salt in this lake." The notion probably originated from the brackish springs which exist at the mouth of the Clinton river. Hennepin tells us that "the Iroquois who pass over it frequently, when upon their warlike designs, call it *Otsi-Keta*." It bore, also, according to Judge Campbell, the Indian names of *Kandekie* and *Ganatchio*. Many suppose that the lake was called after Patrick St. Clair, who was lieutenant governor at Mackinaw in 1783. But this is altogether too modern.

It was a custom of French voyageurs in new regions to bestow upon any prominent feature of the landscape the name of the saint to whom the day of the discovery was dedicated in the church calendar. There was a saint who bore the present modernized name and who was one of the headless saints, a martyr to his virtue, but his calendar day is November. The saint whose name was really bestowed, and whose day is August 12, is the female "Sainte Claire," the foundress of the order of Franciscan nuns of the thirteenth century, known as "Poor Claires." Clara d'Assisi was the beautiful daughter of a nobleman of great wealth, who early dedicated herself to a religious life and went to St.

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Francis to ask for advice. On Palm Sunday she went to church with her family dressed in rich attire, where St. Francis cut off her long hair with his own hands and threw over her the coarse penitential robes of the order. She entered the convent of San Damiano in spite of the opposition of her family and friends. It is related of her that on one occasion when the Saracens came to ravage the convent she arose from her bed, where she had been long confined, and placing the pyx, which contained the host, upon the threshold, she kneeled down and began to sing, whereupon the infidels threw down their arms and fled. Sancta Clara is a favorite saint all over Europe, and her fame in the new world ought not to be spoiled—like the record of the dead in a battle gazette—by a misspelt name!

The interest of the subject will, I know, with my present auditors, pardon the introduction of a few further researches into the history of the Lady Claire. She was one of the most celebrated foundresses of orders in the Roman church. Besides the Clarisses, instituted in 1212, she is said to have founded the Capucines, the Annonciades, the Cordolieres or Gray Sisters, the Nuns of the Ave Marie and of the Conception, and the Recollettes. At a time when all the communities were extorting from the popes the authorization to possess property, she solicited from Innocent IV, in favor of her order of Franciscans the privilege of perpetual poverty! F. Way, in his work on Rome, published in 1875, says: "Sancta Clara has her tomb at the Minerva, and she dwelt between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa. The tenement she occupied at the time of her decease still exists, but is not well known. In a little triangular place on or near Via Tor. Argentina, lodged the first convent of the Clarisses. If, crossing the gateway, you turn to the left of the court, you will face two windows of a slightly raised ground floor. It was there Innocent IV visited her, and there on the 12th August, 1253, listening to the reading of the Passion, in the midst of her weeping nuns, died the first abbess of the Clarisses and the founder of 4,000 religious houses."* *SV Gotha*

We are not told with what imposing ceremonies the christening was performed, but surely some inspiration was derived from the beautiful scenes of nature through which the voyageurs had just passed, which then surrounded them, and which to our eyes this day are no less lovely and inspiring. The natural beauty of the region lying between Lakes Erie and Huron had been recorded by all the early travelers, with words of admiration. Many of the islands were low, and some of the river margins scarcely above the water. But all was green and peaceful. Dark forests extended to the river edge, and many a tall monarch of the wood waved its gigantic arms over the brink, and was reflected in a glassy surface which no tide or flood ever disturbed. The marshes were luxuriant with wild rice, that furnished a sumptuous repast to a great variety of birds and water fowl, and even a welcome supply to the Indians. Occasional villages and bark wigwams enlivened the shore, sur-

* I copy from the Detroit Post of November, 1880, the following item, not vouching for its authority. The date given of the decease of the blessed Clara certainly conflicts with the statement of Mr. Way:

THE BODY OF THE BLESSED CLARA.—A Catholic paper has the following: "In the monastery of St. Clare at Montefalco is preserved the body of the blessed Clara, who died in 1308. The body has all this time been preserved incorrupt and also flexible, even to the cartilages of the ears. At the request of the archbishop of Spoleto, the holy see ordered the authentic verification of this fact; and for this purpose sent the promoter of the faith and the judge of sacred rights, who were assisted by two physicians, by some skilful lawyers, the archbishop of Spoleto, and others. Then in presence of all the religious of the monastery, the truth of the fact was investigated. All were forced to acknowledge that the wonder which had existed for more than five centuries still continued, and could not be ascribed to natural causes. The process was instituted upon the spot, and the affirmation of all present taken; and thus it is hoped that the decree now sought from the sovereign pontiff may be hastened."

rounded with gardens and corn fields, and the most elevated points were crowned with burial mounds. Most of the shores had high banks and were covered with timber. Especial notice is bestowed upon Grosse Isle, and forest-crowned Isle au Cochon—Belle Isle—lay like an emerald gem, in its setting of bright waters.

The chroniclers all allude to the abundance of wild game and fruits. There were "apples as large as the Pommes d' Api," or Lady Apples, and nuts "like moderate sized oranges." La Houtan says "the pears are good but rare." The apples were probably crabs, though one writer speaks of the trees as set methodically; but who can tell us what were the pears? Can it be that the famous French pear trees, whose origin no man living knows, existed here as natives at that day? The beauties of the passage filled our voyageurs with rapturous delight. Hennepin records the loveliness of the shores, the prairies, and the forests. The Griffin was covered with game and fruits which had been gathered in great abundance and with little effort. The fruit consisted of chestnuts, walnuts, and butternuts, apples, pears, plums, and grapes; the game of deer and many smaller animals, and flocks of swans, ducks, and turkeys, and they had feasted on the meat of a bear they had killed. The Father adds, "They who shall have the happiness some day to inhabit this pleasant and fertile country will remember their obligation to those who first showed them the way."

The chronicles are silent as to Indian settlements on the straits, which is not singular, considering that they seldom recorded such things unless there was special occasion. The white occupation followed closely upon this period. A fort was established, as we know, near where Port Huron now is, in 1687; and it would appear from a memoir of the Sieur de Tonty, then on his way down from the Illinois, that something of the kind existed in the same year between Lakes Erie and St. Claire. He says, "We came on the 19th of May to Fort Detroit. We made some canoes of elm, and I sent one of them to Fort St. Joseph on the high ground above Detroit, thirty leagues from where we were, to give the Sieur du Leet (also commanded there) information of my arrival."

I shall follow very cursorily in the path of La Salle and his party. The Griffin, which hitherto had been favored with prosperous winds, encountered off Saginaw bay a furious storm, which sorely tried the skill and courage of the voyageurs. Nor did it calm until they had called after St. Anthony of Padua—the patron of mariners—to whom, says Membre, "they made a vow, which delivered them by a kind of miracle." Hennepin narrates that during the height of the gale "everybody fell on his knees to say his prayers and prepare for death, except our pilot, whom we could never oblige to pray, and he did nothing all the while but curse and swear against M. de La Salle, who had brought him thither to perish in a nasty lake and lose the glory he had acquired by his long and happy navigation of the ocean." At length, escaped the tempest, they reached Point St. Ignace, the center of the Jesuit missions and the Indian trade.

A very slight sketch must here suffice as of the further fortunes of La Salle, and the fate of the Griffin will command our interest. Brave, adventurous and successful as were the early explorers of New France, there was but small recognition of their services, either by the government at home or in the new world. A deep jealousy of La Salle's designs pervaded the fur traders as well as the Jesuits, and made them hostile to his enterprise, since it threatened

elevated points were high banks and were Grosse Isle, and forest-gem, in its setting of

game and fruits. There were Apples, and nuts and pears are good but the writer speaks of the pears? Can it be living knows, existed passage filled our voyagers with the loveliness of the shores, with game and fruits little effort. The fruit was apples, pears, plums, and flocks of swans, and of a bear they had happiness some day to perform their obligation to

in the straits, which is such things unless there closely upon this period. Huron now is, in 1687; Tonty, then on his way existed in the same year on the 19th of May to one of them to Fort Leagues from where we received information of my

and his party. The storm winds, encountered skill and courage of the St. Anthony of Padua they made a vow, which requires that during the prayers and prepare to pray, and he did de La Salle, who had the glory he had acquired strength, escaped the tempest missions and the

fortunes of La Salle, Brave, adventurous man, there was but small at home or in the new the fur traders as well as, since it threatened

injury to their private gains. Had Jesuit and Recollet, merchant and officer, constituted a band of brothers, all would have gone well for France in the new world. Unhappily it was far otherwise. The clashings of interests could never be reconciled, and it often happened that the meetings of white men in the far wilderness were those of enemies in disguise. Of the fifteen men sent out by LaSalle the year before, a few who remained faithful had collected at Green Bay a store of furs, which he resolved to send back with the vessel to satisfy his creditors, while he, with his stores, his Mohegan, and his three friars, should continue up Lake Michigan. After completing her errand the Griffin was to return to St. Joseph, where a fort should be built, and preparations made for the descent of the Mississippi.

But the Griffin was never heard from again. Whether she foundered or was burned by the Ottawas is not known. La Salle believed she was treacherously sunk by the pilot to whom he had entrusted her. Whatever was her fate the salt-water hero of the storm on Lake Huron was doomed to perish in "the nasty fresh water" which he so detested.

The loss was vital. Yet the brave hearted cavalier, undeterred by a misfortune so great, pushed on to St. Joseph and to Illinois. Leaving Tonty and Hennepin to occupy the fort, and in the midst of a savage winter, he made his way back on foot to his far distant Fort Fontenac. The path led through wilds unknown, across the Michigan peninsula. He crossed the Detroit on a raft, and almost alone, for his men were worn out, reached his seigniory. Thence he hurried to Montreal, giving no rest to his ardent spirits and iron nerve. Here the intelligence met him of the desertion of his men and the destruction of his fort on the Illinois. Tonty and Hennepin must be rescued. With their aid and with fresh supplies he might yet save the vessel which was on the stocks, and make good the descent of the Mississippi. He returned to Ottawa and reached his destination, only to find a solitude. The dreaded Iroquois had driven off or murdered his friendly Illinois, the plain was strewn with mangled corpses, and no tidings could be learned of Tonty.

We are told of new schemes which now occupied his fertile brain, among which was that of a grand confederacy of the tribes against the common foe. We are told of the recovery of his two companions in the spring, with whom he paddled back to Fort Frontenac; of his commutation with his creditors, by the loss of half his seigniory, and of his third journey to Illinois to recover the lost ground. Abandoning the building of a vessel, and dragging their canoes on sledges, they embarked, and on the 6th of February, amid floating ice, issued forth on the majestic Mississippi. With his small party, and amid new and strange scenes they reached the outlet of the great river, and on the 9th of April, 1682, La Salle planted his standard and took possession of Louisiana, "in the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious prince Louis the Great, by the grace of God king of France and of Navarre." What did not such zeal and enterprise deserve of his country, for which he had obtained an empire so boundless? But what availed this success to a prince who, though so "high and mighty," had not contributed a son to the enterprise, and who could write thus to the governor of Canada: "I am convinced, like you, that the discovery of the Sieur de la Salle is very useless, and that such enterprises ought to be prevented in future, as they tend only to debauch the inhabitants by the hope of gain and to diminish the revenue from beaver skins!"

Need I recount how this great man, ignorant of the change in the govern-

ment and filled with bright visions of the future, retraced his steps to the Illinois, where his influence had assembled thousands of Indian warriors friendly to his cause; how that here he learned not only that the new governor, Le Barre, turned a deaf ear to his appeals, but that under a frivolous pretext he had seized and wasted his property and reduced him to poverty, and how nothing remained but for him to again cross the seas and lay his cause before his sovereign in person?

It must suffice me to say of this personal appeal to the throne that truth and eloquence once more gained for La Salle a just recognition of his great services. Having thus recovered his influence he was enabled to carry out a scheme worthy his character and fame,—the colonization of Louisiana. He was granted four vessels and one hundred soldiers, besides ship builders, mechanics, and laborers, and many so called "gentlemen of condition." Poor material these, for a colony in the wilderness, but a more prudent addition was made in a number of girls, who joined the expedition with the prospect of becoming wives to the colonists. Alas, that of this well concerted project we have to record only the most bitter failure! From lack of harmony between the leader and his captains, ignorance of the coast, or design on the part of the pilot, the fleet sailed past the mouths of the river, and in attempting to land the store ship was wrecked, with the loss of most of her cargo. The naval commander spread his sails and returned to France, leaving on a wild and desolate shore a forlorn hope,—the infant colony who were to conquer for France a territory half as large as Europe. After a winter spent in vain attempts to find the fatal river, a settlement was begun. But two years of suffering and disappointment reduced their number to less than one-fourth. La Salle now attempted to make his way, with a trusted few, across the country to the river and thence to Canada, to obtain succor for the colony. With this party were two men who had sworn vengeance upon their leader. On the morning of May 16, 1687, they killed his three servants, including his faithful Indian hunter, and as La Salle himself approached where the murderers lay, a bullet pierced his brain and he fell dead.

Thus perished at the age of forty-four years a man of whose like there have been few examples. In his active nature and determined energy a close resemblance may be found in our own youthful Houghton. He had spent twenty years in incessant activity, and, in pursuit of his grand scheme, as he himself says, had "traversed more than 5,000 leagues of new and unknown territory, among savage and cannibal nations, often on foot, through snow and water, without escort, without provisions, without bread, without wine, without recreation, and without repose." And now nothing remained of all his labors.

It would be too much to say that no selfish motive actuated him. He hoped to make for himself an abiding fame, and, doubtless he looked for the time when wealth and power should reward his toils. But he was essentially a man whose heart was in the work of discovery, and in this field there is no brighter name in American annals.

It is for us, who share the benefit of his life, to perpetuate his memory. But where or how shall we erect his monument? A few years ago there was in the city of Detroit a street called by his name; a petty tribute, but even this has disappeared in the demand for a new nomenclature. Another street, recently opened in the western suburb, alone bears evidence of his honored memory. Let me add a suggestion. On the outer walls of the beautiful

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edifice which Detroit has erected as her hotel de ville, or city hall, are four niches designed for statues. They are now empty. Let them be filled with marble images of men whose names and fame are indissolubly associated with this region.

Foremost will be that of the Sieur de la Salle. An engraved portrait of him is given by Hennepin, from which his features may be modeled; and we have a sufficiently accurate description of his tall figure and manly and somewhat austere bearing. On the occasion of his visit with the Griffin he donned, when it seemed advisable to make some display, a scarlet coat with gold trimmings. The dress of a gentleman of that period in Canada is well known, and there should be no difficulty in sufficiently distinguishing him.

The other pedestals may be filled with men of noble fame, whom France gave to America and who belong to us. I need only mention De la Motte Cadillac, the founder of Detroit—a portrait of whom is known to have existed, for which search is being made, and (as Hon. Levi Bishop assures us) with promise of success. The devoted and self-sacrificing Jesuit, Pere Marquette, than whom none is more deserving; and lastly, though of later time, the Catholic priest whom all loved, and who first represented this territory in congress, Father Richard. Of him an excellent portrait is extant. The flowing yet diverse robes of the two priests will contrast strikingly with the rich official vestments of the nobleman and the courtier.

And now, as we look back upon the past that we have recalled, with its wild surroundings, its hopes, and its disappointments, and note the changes two centuries have wrought, let us take heart, and hope that the future of this great country will be more glorious than the discoverer's wildest dreams!

MUSIC BY THE CHORUS.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hubbard's address, Mr. Lothrop said:

"Our orator has told us that this charming sheet of water is named in honor of Lady St. Claire. For my part, I am delighted that our patron saint is a woman. It is a kind of saint that I have never failed to believe in. [Applause.] And I believe that the line has come down unbroken from Lady St. Claire to the saints that sanctify our homes to-day. [Applause.] And now, my friends, our excellent neighbor, Mr. Duffield, has written a commemorative ode that is to be sung, as he says, 'by our sisters, our cousins and our aunts;' but I translate it to be sung by our saints, and I hope you will all rise and sing."

Mr. Newberry—"I hope all the sinners will sing too; otherwise the chorus might be weak."

Mr. Lothrop—"Mr. Newberry could not have sung if they had not been included."

Mr. Newberry—"And the orator of the day would have been left out." [Laughter.]

The whole assemblage then joined in singing the following commemorative ode, entitled "The Men of Auld Lang Syne," written by D. Bethune Duffield:

Bold were the men of Auld Lang Syne,
Who first braved ocean's breeze;
But bolder still the men whose will
First sailed these silent seas!
First broke the waters of Ste. Claire,
And gave our lake its name;
Here's honor to their bright career,
And an enduring fame.

The years have roll'd and flags have changed
 Since that far distant day,
 When off our shore, with cannon's roar
 "The Griffin" anchored lay.
 Lonely the little vessel lay
 In wildest wilderness,
 With none to cheer her on her way,
 With none her flag to bless.

But men have come, and men have gone
 And carved heroic path,
 Thro' thorny woods and savage foes,
 And winter's stormy wrath;
 Till round the silent lake of old
 Fair states now smiling rise
 Whose happy songs to-day ascend
 The same o'er-spreading skies.

So when those ancient trees are gone,
 Which to the old heroes set,
 These noisy waves shall chant their praise
 Tho' men their names forget.
 So here's a health, and here's a cheer
 From out this grove of pine,
 To brave La Salle, the Cavalier,
 And the men of Auld Lang Syne.

The music of "Auld Lang Syne," so much sung at historical gatherings, never fails to awaken a lively enthusiasm, and its full effect was felt and appreciated on this occasion.

At the conclusion of the singing Mr. Lothrop said:

"We are honored, my friends, with the presence here to-day of one, who, in addition to his many other gifts, has an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to the history of this region. I have the honor of presenting to you Chief Justice Campbell." [Applause.]

Judge Campbell said the poem was not written for "grown up" people, and proceeded to read the following, the many happy hits of which were fully appreciated by his audience:

A LEGEND OF L'ANSE CREUSE.

A woodpecker sat on an oaken stump,
 Pecking away with a ceaseless thump,
 And now and then as he cocked his eye,
 Darted a glance so keen and sly,
 You'd have thought, had you seen him that summer day,
 Old Greenback has something queer to say.
 When that stump was a stately tree,
 Sturdy in trunk and sound in knee,
 Forward a little from the wood,
 Close by the edge of the bank it stood,
 And acorns dropped where the ripples break
 Over the brim of the smiling lake.
 When that tree was at its best,
 An emerald bird with crimson crest,
 All through the summer, from dawn till dark,
 Hopped and tapped on its ridgy bark;
 The limbs have dropped, the trunk is dead,
 But the plumes are shining on back and head,
 And the restless eye is clear and keen
 As when the old oak's leaves were green;
 But under his throat, perhaps you'd say,
 Rubytop shows a spot of gray.

Orchard and field for many a rood
 Cover the dust of the buried wood,
 And low-roofed houses, old and quaint,
 Brownd by the weather and bare of paint,
 Shelter a people—so they say,
 Brown and quaint and old as they.
 The urchin tumbling in the grass,
 The merry youth and the blooming lass,
 The farmer who tills the teeming soil
 When hunting and fishing leave time for toll,
 And the jolly old man who sits and drones
 Of the winter signs in the wild-goose bones,
 Seem living over as in a trance.
 The old, old life of sunny France.
 This restless age,—this age so fast—
 There fights at odds with the hoary past;
 Vainly it matches its eager will
 With those who win by sitting still,
 And hears an adage old and worn,—
 Who goes for wool may come back shorn.
 There kindly nature spreads her stores
 In rich profusion out of doors;
 Bright gleam the apples, pears, and cherries,
 The brambles bend with luscious berries;
 The bullfrog, with his croaking harsh,
 And the fat muskrat, haunt the marsh;
 The wild duck floats among the reeds,
 The red deer in the woodland feeds,
 The grouse, the partridge, and the quail
 Their bounteous larders never fail;
 And, yielding more ethereal fare,
 The daintiest creatures swarm in air.
 But, if your feet are ever found,
 O muses, on such level ground,
 Come hither from Parnassus' hill,
 Of melting whitefish eat your fill;
 And from your lubricated throats
 Will glide such smooth and pleasing notes
 As never yet the pipes did follow
 Of your precentor—bright Apollo.
 In the fall weather, cool and hazy,
 When the slow sun is getting lazy,
 And from his cold bath in the river
 Comes out all red with many a shiver.
 With feet too chilly as they pass,
 To melt the hoar frost on the grass,
 Northward his yearly journey takes,
 The shining "white deer of the lakes,"
 Swift through the lymph, in countless herds,
 Thicker than thickest flight of birds.
 The living shapes of silver dash,
 Till all the rustling waters flash,
 As when beneath the breeze of June
 Their myriad waves reflect the moon.
 Then all the dwellers in the land
 Came trooping gaily to the sand;
 Through day and night the populous shore
 Echoes the clanking of the oar.
 The meshes of the spreading seine
 Are tried by many a grievous strain,
 And the gay crowd, with jovial din,
 Hail the rich harvest gathered in.
 Then comes the kindly winter's reign;
 Then mirth and pleasure scour the plain.

The rapid pacers come and go
 Like phantoms o'er the beaten snow,
 And where the summer shallops ride,
 Swiftly the painted carioles glide.
 Not Hector o'er the Trojan field
 By his illustrious coursers wheeled,
 In his mad circuit whirling round,
 Thus saw his steeds devour the ground;
 Nor Pindar, yielding loud acclaims
 To the great victor of the games,
 E'er saw upon the Olympic plain
 Such ponies of heroic strain.
 And should they meet at break of day,
 Fresh baited with ambrosial hay,
 The sun's team climbing up the cope,
 They'd beat him half way down the slope.
 But oh, my colts, too swift ye pace,
 You've borne me past my stopping place;
 Backward return in slower mood,
 And while you whinny o'er your food,
 Again upon the bank I'll stray,
 And if he has not flown away,
 Hear what the old bird has to say.

High on the stump the old woodpecker sat,
 Twisting his neck this way and that,
 And soon as he found an ear to listen,
 He bristled his crest, and his keen eyes glisten,
 On his breast feathers he wiped his beak,
 Opened his mouth and began to speak.
 Harken, stranger, while I tell
 Wondrous things that once befel
 The people of this drowsy land.
 Here on this pulpit where I stand
 Preaching my sermon to only one,
 Long ago I sat in the sun,
 And saw a sight that shook with fear
 The hunter fierce, and the trembling deer.
 The bright warm rays of an August noon
 Hushed each sound but the locust's tune;
 But a gentle wind blew from the west,
 Dimpling with ripples the water's breast,
 And catching the swans' wings where they float,
 Drove each one on like a well-trimmed boat,—
 A stately boat, with canvas white
 As a sheet of snow in a starry night.
 Now here, now there, the great fish rise
 To snap at the gaudy dragon flies;
 The loon like a porpoise rolls and dives,
 Screaming as if for a hundred lives,
 And solemn bitterns stand and think,
 Each on a leg, by the rushy brink.
 Just as the sun in his path on high
 Stayed his course in the middle sky,
 Speeding along with a foaming wake
 A great ship sailed upon the lake;
 And the loon dove down, and the white swans flew,
 Scared at the sight of the wonder new;
 For never had vessel along this shore
 Cleft these quiet waves before.
 No better craft was ever seen
 Than brave LaSalle's stout brigantine:
 Out from the prow a griffin springs,
 With scales of bronze and fiery wings,
 And the ship that earned so wide a fame
 Bore on its scroll the Griffin's name.

For when the cunning robes of black
 Troubled the zealous Frontenac
 And strove his venturous hands to keep
 From reaching out to the western deep,
 The wrath of the sturdy Norman rose
 At the jealous arts of his patron's foes,
 And the ship he built for his dangerous quest,
 He named from the vallant noble's crest,
 And vowed he would make the Griffin fly
 Over the crows in the western sky.
 A gilded eagle carved in wood
 On the crown of the quarter-deck castle stood,
 And from the staff astern unrolled,
 Floating aloft with its lilies of gold,
 The great white flag of France is spread,
 And the pennon decking the mainmast head
 Bears the chieftain's arms on a field of red.
 Three black-nebbed falcons gaping wide
 Scowl through the ports on either side,
 And the old sergeant says they speak
 Each for a common day in the week,
 While the great bow gun with its heavy knell
 Rings as loud as a Sunday bell.
 But another standard is seen to-day
 As the gallant cruiser wins the bay,
 For the cross is waved, and the censer swings,
 And the seamen kneel as the mass bell rings,
 For to-day is the feast of the Abbess Claire;
 And the corded priests, with chants and prayer,
 Sprinkling the lake with holy water
 Name it after the Church's daughter.
 Then in a trice the gunners catch
 Each in his place the blazing match,
 And the flame leaps out, and the trembling shore
 Quakes at the terrible cannon's roar.
 And stout La Fleur with chuckling grin
 Said as he patted his culverin—
 In my church there's never a friar
 Sings like the Abbot who leads the choir!

Out in the lake the Griffin lay
 Wing-bound at anchor many a day,
 While the ship's company explore
 The novel wonders of the shore;
 And as they reach upon the way
 The bend at Pointe a Guignolet,
 Before them spreads a lovely bay;
 Its limpid waters softly glide
 Like the slow creeping of the tide,
 Upward and backward on the beach,
 But ne'er beyond one margin reach.
 And in its lonely beauty there,
 So still, so smiling, and so fair,
 To their charmed eyes it seemed to be
 A sunny strip of Normandy,
 Where mermaids in the moonlight play,
 And happy children all the day.
 Beside the shore a cross they plant,
 The reverend priests an anthem chant,
 And the stern soldier, as he went,
 To seek the shelter of his tent,
 Cast backward many a yearning look,
 Made homesick by that fairy nook.
 The ship sailed on, but the friendly shore
 Saw it returning nevermore.

And many a day had come and fled
 And many a fall the leaves had shed,
 Before the early morning dews
 On the white clover by L'Anse Creuse
 Were dashed by footmen from their cup
 Ere the dry sun had taken them up.
 But when I grew to chagrin
 A little baggy about the chin,
 And could not find sufficient cause
 For a wrinkle or two around my claws,
 The pleasing scene I daily viewed
 No longer was a solitude.
 Neat farms and gardens lined the strait
 From Erie up to Huron's gate,
 While on the narrow strips of land
 The cottage homes so closely stand,
 Their numbers stretching up and down,
 Appear like one continuous town.
 In front of each upon the bank,
 A narrow wharf of single plank
 Stretched out to where a steady hand
 Might fill a bucket to the brim,
 Sinking it down below the rim,
 Yet never touch the bottom sand,
 While to this simple jetty tied
 Canoes float safely by its side.

Whenever Monday's morning ray
 Brings to the world its washing day,
 The busy housewives and their daughters
 There with their labors vex the waters.
 The garments in their fingers gathered,
 With vigorous rubbing drenched and lathered,
 And paddled with a cunning knack
 Resound with many a rousing whack,
 While the fair laundresses at work
 In no Carthusian silence lurk,
 But skilled alike to wash and speak,
 Gossip enough for all the week.
 In the small hamlet of L'Anse Creuse
 One Monday buzzed the stirring news
 That the old Seigneur of Beauvals
 Was busy all the previous day
 Devising how his daughter fair—
 The arch and graceful Lady Claire—
 Might find ere long an honest mate,
 Of gentle blood and good estate,
 Who by some valiant feat at arms
 Might prove him worthy of her charms.
 He was a man whose antique blood,
 Traced backward to the very flood,
 Had with such notions filled his brain
 As once disturbed the knight of Spain.
 He passed the vigor of his years
 Roving among his gallant peers,
 Exploring widely to advance
 The glory of his native France,
 And oft a pleasant hour had spent
 With gallant Tonty in his tent.
 And he was first who found his way
 To dwell beside the cross and bay.
 He mingled reading and the care
 Of watching o'er his darling Claire,
 And soothed his fatherly alarms
 With chronicles of deeds of arms.

As up she grew to womanhood,
Merry and bright, as well as good,
He dreamed of noble cavaliers
Bearing her colors on their spears,
And jousting on the meadows green
To win the smile of Beauty's queen;
And a great tournament he planned,
The prize to be his daughter's hand.
The damsel having mother wit,
And some small will for using it,
Had been enabled to discover
She need not languish for a lover.
And though she knew that young Beauclerc
Was prompt enough to do or dare,
She was not anxious for her sake,
That he another's head should break,
Nor would it suit her views at all
Should others profit by his fall.
So, with a smile upon her face,
And many a blushing maiden grace,
She met her honest father's question
With a more practical suggestion.
The Greeks, in that heroic time
Which all the poets call sublime,
Instead of carving up a friend,
In public games did oft contend,
And deemed a vegetable crown
And name by Pindar handed down,
More likely to adorn the State
Than if they earned a broken pate.
When the hard winter's frost shall make
A slippery ice-field of the lake,
No ancient circus could compete
With such a course for flying feet;
And if no youth my hand may claim
But him who pleads a victor's name,
Then let his honors be my price
Who wins a race upon the ice.
The sire approved, and gave command
To publish it through all the land,
That on the coming Christmas day
A horse race o'er the frozen bay
Should by its fair results decide
What lucky hand should claim the bride.
Then to the shore in state he went,
Where the good dames on work intent,
Their weekly store of clothes did scrub
In the great common washing tub,
And sought their willing aid to bear
His festive message through the air.
Swiftly it traveled toward the south,
Leaping from ready mouth to mouth;
And while its echoes still did play
In broken murmurs round the bay,
Past Windmill Point, on pinions quick,
It reached the mouth of Tremble's creek;
And like a bullet from a gun
Crossed the ravine at Bloody Run;
Thence like the west wind on the main,
Shook the great flag at Ponchartrain;
Then like a brightly falling star
Gleamed on the household of Navarre,
And shot along its flashing way
Around the bend of Godfrey's bay,
Startling the ghost that lingered still
Sighing in Gobeye's haunted mill.

The violet banks of Bellefontaine
And the cool shades of Lover's Lane
Hear a low murmur, as of bees
Humming among the linden trees.
As up the Rouge the story sped,
Old Va-de-bon-Cœur, as he shook his head,
Marveled that any other place
Was chosen for a Christmas race;
But cracking all his knuckles bony,
Forthwith began to train his pony.
Beyond this region of the horse
The message reached the broad Ecorce,
Rousing the herdsmen as they roam
O'er the wide acres of St. Coasme.
Across the channel to Grosse Isle,
Shouted with sympathetic zeal,
And thence beyond, the tidings go
To the rich islands dark with shade
By the gigantic lindens made,
Within whose woods the Wyandot
Had built his town in a charming spot,
Guarding Lake Erie's open door:
In the rough sailor pilot's lore
'Tis known as the island of Bobalo.
In the short passage of an hour,
Sped by this tireless motive power,
The news had entered at the gate
Of every household on the strait.
And the gay bachelors all prepare
To struggle boldly for the fair,
While pouting maidens—half offended—
Wish that the day had come and ended,
That they who fail to win the prize
Might find a better use of eyes;
Not none the less they toll and fluster
To look their prettiest at the muster.
And, sooth to say, the gallant wrong
Would find his journey very long,
Who traveled till he found the graces
More prodigal of charming faces.
The summer into autumn glides,
The mellow autumn long abides,
The dark December claimed a part in
The unruffled season of St. Martin;
And many a lovely bosom fluttered,
And many a savage youngster muttered,
As the sun neared his last decline,
While winter yet had made no sign.
But when the dreary solstice came,
The morning sky was all aflame,
And from the polar deserts vast
The wind came howling fierce and fast.
All day the clouds their snowflakes shed,
The sighing waves were dark as lead,
Sounding upon the gloomy shore
Like the dull plash of melted ore.
But in the night no vapor mars
The luster of the burning stars,
High in the firmament the moon
Shines dazzling as the sun at noon,
And the cold beams the waves congeal
Like a great floor of glimmering steel.
All through the night from shore to shore
The imprisoned waters moan and roar,
But vain are all their throes to break
The dungeon walls that hold the lake.

On Christmas eve the drowsy heads
Went early to their downy beds,
That all from sweet repose might borrow
More blooming roses for the morrow;
While even the watchful chanticleer
Forgot to blow his clarion clear,
And sitting snugly on his perch,
Was silent as the village church.
But when the rays of morning creep
Down the gray spire of St. Philippe,
And cast its shadows o'er the way
Just at the foot of Grand Marais,
The wooden cock that at its peak
Stood opening wide his gilded beak,
Thought surely there was something wrong
To make his brothers mute so long.
Uprising on his sinewy toes,
Far out his gorgeous breast he throws,
While of the bracing air he quaffed
A deep exhilarating draught;
Then from the bottom of his throat
He crowed so fierce a trumpet note
That all the country stared aghast,
Astounded by that sudden blast;
And every rooster, roused to feel
A rival worthy of his steel,
Met the fierce chapel guardian's crow
With a defiant *coquerico!*
Up from their beds the slumbering people
Sprang at that summons from the steeple,
And every bachelor and maid
In rustic garments neat arrayed,
With sparkling eyes and glowing face,
Prepared to figure at the race.
Too far from Fashion's halls to get
The work of Ma'm'selle Tond Minette,
The blooming damsels managed still
To show the power of taste and skill.
And when they all had met together,
Rose tinted by the bracing weather,
They made philosopher and dunce
Fall swift in love with all at once.

The mass was over, and the sleighs
Came sliding o'er the crystal ways,
As shining birds from flower to flower,
Dart swiftly in the summer hour.
The swan-necked carioles make the scene
Lively with scarlet, gold, and green,
The bright-eyed pacers, roan and bay,
Caper like little boys at play,
And toss their heads, as if they knew
As much as human horses do.
The lady Claire, with courteous mien,
Beams like a radiant fairy queen;
But while she swiftly moved her eyes
O'er the contestants for the prize,
She turned a moment pale as snow,
Then blushed with such a ruddy glow
That all the maidens then and there
Owned there was none so good and fair,
And wished success to lovely Claire.
For well, with ready wit, they guessed
She had a purpose in her breast
That none from her devoted swain
The triumph of the course should gain;

And each with sympathizing face
 Hoped that her own true lover's place
 Would be the second in the race.
 Then forth advancing in his sleigh
 The stately form of old Beauvals
 Appeared among the shouting throng,
 And with a voice like Stentor's, strong,
 Taught by his daughter's shrewd device
 Who knew the mysteries of the ice,
 Announced the scrupulous rules to guide
 The contest for the peerless bride.
 In a straight run the course shall reach
 From where the trending of the beach
 Rounds into Pointe a Guignolet,
 To Huron Point across the bay;
 Thence turning at the blasted elm,
 The limit of Maconse's realm,
 Back to the starting point again
 Across the white and slippery plain.
 And he whose steed's returning feet
 Shall first upon the margin beat,
 Shall take my mansion and my land,
 And, if she will, my daughter's hand.

The graybeards shrugged their shoulders wide
 At such a long and freezing ride;
 Eight miles across the raven's flight
 Must reach before his feet can light;
 And when upon the glassy floor
 That space must twice be traveled o'er,
 The horse that wins without a founder
 Must be as hard as an eighteen pounder.
 But the swift pacers cocked their ears
 In scorn at such unworthy fears;
 And, ranged in order on the shore,
 The friendly rivals reached a score,
 Waiting the signal to begin
 The race that only one could win.
 Each in such sliding carriage placed
 As suits his money or his taste,
 Jumper and cutter, train and pung
 Behind the nimble pony swung,
 While the trim cariole's graceful wedge,
 With its shafts hung low at the runner's edge
 Was decked in the spoils of the shaggy bear,
 Ready to cleave the frozen air.
 But what has troubled the Sieur Beauvals,
 And what the cause of the long delay?
 The course is long and the day is brief,
 The night comes on like a stealthy thief,
 And woe to the Knight who rides astray,
 Far from the land on the wintry bay.
 Alas, the old man's eyes are dim;
 For under his features hard and grim
 His soul is soft and his spirit mild,
 And his heart is aching for his child;
 He knew her love for young Beauclerc,
 And marveled why he was not there.
 He was a youth of manly heart,
 Lithe as a panther, straight as a dart,
 And loved to share the hunter's toil
 More than he cared for his costly spoil.
 Changing their names with one another,
 The Swan creek chieftain called him brother
 And a sturdy man he saw who met
 The tawny or white Eshtonaquet.

The chief just come from a prairie trail,
Brought home a horse like a spotted quail,
With long slim neck and Arab head,
But a back that sloped like the roof of a shed,
And legs that raised his ample chest
Up to the height of an Indian's breast.
And he gave a hint to young Beauclerc
That none with this strange beast might cope,
Though he should train an antelope,
To run the race for his lady fair.
He framed a jumper of ironwood tough,
Limber and stout, but rude and rough;
His harness strong and his reins to guide
He made from thongs of bison hide.
And there he sat with the jeering racers,
Proud of themselves and their well groomed pacers,
Wrapped in the shaggy robes of skin
That his red brother clad him in;
And many a scoff and scornful laugh
Greeted the sleigh with the brown giraffe.
A whisper from the Lady Claire,
And the old man with dubious air
Shouted the signal. Off they fly,
Skimming like swallows across the sky.
But far behind, with drooping tail,
And swinging his legs like a clumsy-fall,
The prairie beast goes steadily on
As if there were never a race to be won,
While the neat ponies their sinews strain
To reach the verge of the frozen plain.
But when they turn at the blasted tree,
Panting and foaming, lo, they see,
Jogging along as fresh and stout
As when from the shore they first set out,
The clumsy brute whose movements seem
Like the measured sweep of a walking-beam.
And as the home-bound rivals ride
Just in the midst of the basin wide,
The shambling nag with his terrible stride
Passes them all, and in his eyes
Gleams of a conscious triumph rise.
Wider and wider he spreads apart
His hoofs, and shoots like a fiery dart,
Till his nimble limbs so swiftly fleet,
He seems like a body without any feet
Shot like a ball through the midst of the air;
And he reaches the goal when there's nobody there,
For they thought it was safe to sit long by the fire,
Not dreaming this monster, with sinews of wire,
And never within a decent stall
Would thus so horribly beat them all.
But the boys when they saw the meek young men
Moodily driving back again,
Shouted a mocking *mange l'avoinet!*
And the merry maids with smiling lip
Welcomed them back from their leisure trip.
But they looked more blithe when the jolly priest
Asked them in to the wedding feast;
And never since that Christmas-day
Have the good dwellers by the bay
Danced at the bridal of lady fair,
Sweeter and brighter than lovely Claire.

It may be of interest to the readers of this report to know that Judge Campbell is in the habit at each Christmas of writing a story or poem for his children. The above charming narrative was written for such an occasion.

At the conclusion of the poem Mr. Lothrop said:

"The approach of evening admonishes us that we must bring our meeting to a close. We shall therefore be compelled to dispense with the extemporaneous addresses. But I will extend an invitation to all those who would have spoken, and all others, to attend our next centennial festival. [Laughter.] And now my friends, we will close the pleasant exercises of to-day by singing what should be the expression of all our hearts, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

The gathering was then dismissed with singing, after which a large number of young people tripped the light fantastic on the smooth, grassy lawn for some time, and as the shades of evening settled over the clear lake, as they did 200 years ago, the people dispersed to their homes.

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